For in the Temple, by and by with vs,
Theſe couples ſhall eternally be knit.
And for the morning now is ſomething worne,
Our purpos'd hunting ſhall be ſet aſide.
Away, with vs to *Athens*; three and three,
Wee'l hold a feaſt in great ſolemnity.
Come *Hippolita*. *Exit.*

Deme. Theſe things ſeeme ſmall and vndiſtinguiſhable,
Like farre off mountaines turned into Clouds.

Her. Me-thinks I ſee theſe things with parted eie,
When euery thing ſeemes double.

Hel. So me-thinkes:
And I haue found *Demetrius*, like a iewell,
Mine owne, and not mine owne.

Dem. Are you ſure
That we are awake? It ſeemes to me,
That yet we ſleepe, we dreame. Do not you thinke,
The Duke was heere, and bid vs follow him?

Her. Yea, and my Father.

Hel. And *Hippolita*.

Lyſ. And he bid vs follow to the Temple.

Dem. Why then we are awake; let's follow him, and by the way let vs recount our dreames. *Exit.*

Clo. When my cue comes, call me, and I will anſwer. My next is, moſt faire *Pyramus*. Hey ho. *Peter Quince*? *Flute* the bellowes-mender? *Snout* the tinker? *Starueling*? Gods my life! Stolne hence, and left me aſleepe: I haue had a moſt rare viſion. I haue had a dreame, paſt the wit of man, to ſay, what dreame it was. Man is but an Aſſe, if he go about to expound this dreame. Me-thought I was, there is no man can tell what. Me-thought I was, and me-thought I had. But man is but patcht a foole, if he will offer to ſay, what me-thought I had. The eie of man hath not heard, the eare of man hath not ſeene, mans hand is not able to taſte, his tongue to conceiue, nor his heart to report, what my dream was.

was. I will get *Peter Quince* to write a Ballet of this dream, it ſhall be call'd *Bottomes Dreame*, becauſe it hath no bottome; and I will ſing it in the latter end of a play, before the Duke. Peraduenture, to make it the more gracious, I ſhall ſing it at her death. *Exit.*

Enter Quince, Flute, Thisbie, and the rabble.

Quin. Haue you ſent to *Bottomes* houſe? Is he come home yet?

Flute. He cannot be heard of. Out of doubt hee is tranſported.

Thiſ. If he come not, then the play is mard. It goes not forward, doth it?

Quin. It is not poſſible: you haue not a man in all *Athens*, able to diſcharge *Piramus* but he.

Thiſ. No, he hath ſimply the beſt wit of any handy-craft man in *Athens*.

Quin. Yea, and the beſt perſon too, and he is a very Paramour, for a ſweete voyce.

Thiſ. You muſt ſay, Paragon. A Paramour is (God bleſſe vs) a thing of nought.

Enter Snug the Ioyner.

Snug. Maſters, the Duke is comming from the Temple, and there is two or three Lords and Ladies more married. If our ſport had gone forward, we had all beene made men.

Thiſ. O ſweete bully *Bottome*: thus hath he loſt ſixpence a day, during his life; he could not haue ſcaped ſixpence a day. And the Duke had not giuen him ſixpence a day for playing *Piramus*, Ile be hang'd. He would haue deſerued it. Sixpence a day in *Piramus*, or nothing.

Enter Bottome.

Bot. Where are theſe Lads? Where are theſe hearts?

Quin. Bottome, ô moſt couragious day! O moſt happy houre!